

**A REPORT**  
OF THE  
**MYSTERIOUS NOISES**

HEARD IN THE HOUSE OF  
**MR. JOHN D. FOX,**  
In Hydesville, Arcadia, Wayne County,

**AUTHENTICATED**  
BY THE CERTIFICATES, AND  
**CONFIRMED**  
BY THE STATEMENTS OF THE CITIZENS OF THAT  
PLACE AND VICINITY.

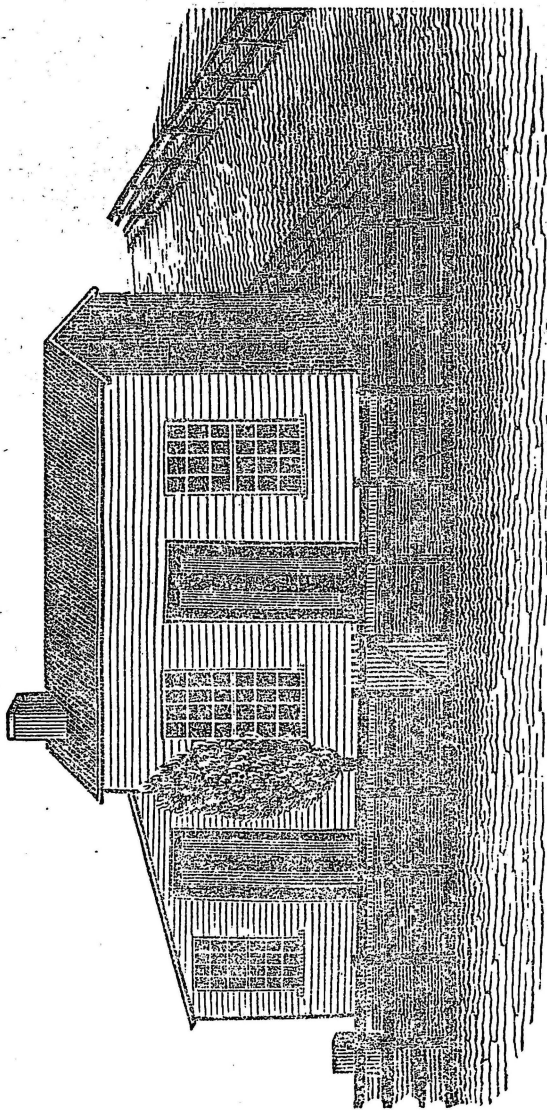
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Thou canst not say I did it :  
Never shake thy gory locks at me.  
Pr'ythee, see there ! look ! lo ! how say you ?  
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [MACBETH.

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**Canandaigua :**

~ **PUBLISHED BY E. E. LEWIS.** ~

PRINTED ON THE POWER PRESS OF SHEPARD & REED,  
Over Nos. 20, 22 & 24 State-Street, Rochester.

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1848.



House of John D. Fox, Hydesville, Arcadia, Wayne County, N. Y.



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SECTION 1

THESE ARE THE CONDITIONS OF SALE

FOR THE SALE OF

THE LAND OF THE

STATE OF TEXAS

IN THE COUNTY OF

DAWSON

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Fire

## INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this Report to the public, we do it, not for the purpose of gratifying the morbid tastes which the ignorant and superstitious always have for whatever is marvelous or unaccountable, nor for the purpose of increasing the excitement that has been already created by the indefinite and exaggerated rumors in regard to this mysterious affair. We do it for the purpose of placing before the world the nature of that excitement,—the causes that have led to it, and the facts upon which it is founded. We do it for the purpose of showing that, at least some degree of credit is due to the origin of these statements, and that they are not wholly unfounded and untrue. We have spent several days in that place, for the purpose of investigating this strange affair, and if possible to solve the mystery. During that time, we had an opportunity to converse with scores of the most respectable citizens of that place, who had themselves spent no little time in endeavoring to satisfy their own minds as to the cause of these noises. They had all heard them at different times, during the past two weeks, and manifested a strong desire that the truth should be made known,—that the noises should be accounted for as the effect of some natural causes. They appeared to be reluctant to believe that it was a supernatural manifestation.

But whether it be owing to supernatural means or not, will probably be developed in time. It *may* be the result of trickery, or fear, or superstition, or all combined. If it is the first,—if the spirits of the injured dead are permitted to return to earth and haunt the theatre of their wrongs, and harass the minds of those who have been guilty of these wrongs, or for the purpose of revealing dark and atrocious crimes

that would otherwise go unpunished, we only have a confirmation of the truth that, "murder will out," however carefully it may be concealed. But if it be the result of the last, and this great excitement has been caused by human agency,—if any one has been able thus to deceive a large, intelligent and candid community for such a length of time as this has been carried on, it certainly surpasses any thing that has ever occurred in this country, or any other.

One individual may easily be made the dupe of appearances and sounds, which to him are unaccountable; but when hundreds of intelligent people come up and certify, as in this case, their statements are entitled to our confidence. They all unite in saying that they have heard these noises, at different times, in this house; that they have made a long and thorough investigation in order to ascertain the cause, but are wholly unable to gain any satisfactory information,—that in their opinion it cannot be owing to chance, or produced by any human being through the agency of ventriloquism or deceptive sounds; and we are bound, by the confidence which we all have in each other in our worldly transactions, to place some degree of reliance in their representations.

We cannot believe that all have combined together to create this great excitement, by circulating stories and making statements which have no foundation in truth. How, then, shall we account for it? Shall we subject ourselves to the imputation of being superstitious? of being believers in "haunted houses" and ghostly appearances? Future developments may, and probably will, clear up the mystery that now hangs over this affair. But *let those who ridicule the excitement that has been created, and laugh at those who, after a thorough investigation, have been driven to the conclusion that this is a supernatural appearance,—let them step forward and solve this mystery, if they can.*

Entered accord.

to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by

E. B. LEWIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

# MYSTERIOUS NOISES

HEARD IN THE HOUSE OF JOHN D. FOX, IN HYDEVILLE, [TOWN OF ARCADIA,] NEAR NEWARK, WAYNE COUNTY, N. Y.

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The following statements were made by the different persons whose names are signed to them, and taken down in writing as they made them : after which they were carefully read to them, and signed by them. They comprise but a small number of those who heard these noises, or have been knowing to these transactions ; but they are deemed sufficient to satisfy the public mind in regard to their truthfulness :

## *Certificate of Mrs. Margaret Fox,*

WIFE OF JOHN D. FOX, THE PRESENT OCCUPANT OF THE HOUSE.

We moved into this house on the 11th December, 1847, and have resided here ever since. We formerly resided in the city of Rochester. We first heard this noise about a fortnight ago. It sounded like some one knocking in the east bed-room, on the floor ; sometimes it sounded as if the chair moved on the floor ; we could hardly tell where it was. This was in the evening, just after we had gone to bed. The whole family slept in that room together, and all heard the noise. There was four of our family, and sometimes five. The first night that we heard the rapping, we all got up and lit a candle ; and searched all over the house. The noise continued while we were hunting, and was heard near the same place all the time. It was not very loud, yet it produced a jar of the bedsteads and chairs, that could be felt by placing our hands on the chair. or while we were in bed. It was a feeling of a tremulous motion, more than a sudden jar. It seemed as if we could feel it jar while we were standing on the floor. It continued this night until we went

to sleep. I did not go to sleep until nearly 12 o'clock. The noise continued to be heard every night.

On Friday night, the 31st of March, it was heard as usual, and, we then for the first time called in the neighbors. Up to this time we had never heard it in the day time, or at least did not notice it at all.

On Friday night we concluded to go to bed early, and not let it disturb us; if it came, we thought we would not mind it, but try and get a good night's rest. My husband was here on all these occasions, heard the noise and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed on this night; hardly dark. — We went to bed so early, because we had been broken so much of our rest that I was almost sick.

My husband had not gone to bed when we first heard the noise on this evening. I had just laid down. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the noise, and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about 12 years old; she is the one who made her hand go. As fast as she made the noise with her hands or fingers, the sound was followed up in the room. It did not sound any different at that time, only it made the same number of noises that the girl did. When she stopped, the sound itself stopped for a short time.

The other girl, who is in her 15th year, then spoke in sport and said, "Now do this just as I do. Count one, two, three, four," &c., striking one hand in the other at the same time. The blows which she made were repeated as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow that she made. She only did so once. She then began to be startled; and then I spoke and said to the noise, "Count ten," and it made ten strokes or noises. Then I asked the ages of my different children successively, and it gave a number of raps, corresponding to the ages of my children.

I then asked if it was a human being that was making the noise? and if it was, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit? and if it was, to



manifest it by two sounds. I heard two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked, if it was an injured spirit ? to give me the sound, and I heard the rapping distinctly. I then asked if it was injured in this house ? and it manifested it by the noise. If the person was living that injured it ? and got the same answer. I then ascertained, by the same method that its remains were buried under the dwelling, and how old it was. When I asked how many years old it was ? it rapped 31 times ; that it was a male ; that it had left a family of five children ; that it had two sons and three daughters, all living. I asked if it left a wife ? and it rapped. If its wife was then living ? no rapping ; if she was dead ? and the rapping was distinctly heard how long she had been dead ? and it rapped twice.

About this time I asked, will this noise continue if I call in my neighbors, that they may hear it too ? It answered me by the usual token of rapping. My husband went and called Mrs. Redfield, our next door neighbor. She is a very candid woman. The girls were then sitting up in bed, somewhat terrified and clinging to each other. I was as calm, I think, as I am now.

Mrs. Redfield came immediately. This was about half past seven o'clock. She came in, thinking to joke and laugh at the children ; but when she came, she saw that we were all amazed like, and that there was something in it. I then asked a few questions, and they were answered as before ; and she was satisfied that there was something strange about it. It told her age exactly. She would then call her husband, and he came ; and the same questions were asked over again, and the answers were the same as before. It was then asked how long it had been injured ? and the sound was repeated four times at regular intervals, and then, after a short pause, one more ; and the same was repeated every time the same question was asked.

Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others. A great many questions were asked over, and the same answers given as before. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde ; they came, and also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions and got the answers.

I then named over all the neighbors that I could think of, and

asked if any of them had injured it, and got no answer. Then Mr. Duesler asked it some questions, the same as I had, and got the same answers. He asked if it was murdered? and it answered in the usual way; and if the murderer could be brought to justice? and there was no sound: and then, if he could be punished by the law? and there was no rapping. He then asked, "if this murderer cannot be punished by the law, manifest it by the noise?" and the noise was repeated.

In the same way Mr. Duesler ascertained that it was murdered in the bed room, about five years ago, and that the murder was committed by a Mr. ———, on a Tuesday night, at 12 o'clock; that it was murdered by having its throat cut, with a butcher knife; that the body did not remain in the room next day, but that it was taken down cellar, and that it was not buried until the next night, that it was not taken down through the outside door, but through the buttery, down the stairway; that it was buried ten feet below the surface of the ground.

It was then asked if money was the object of the murder? and the rapping commenced. How much money was obtained? was it one hundred dollars? two hundred? three hundred? four hundred? No noise. Five hundred? and the usual rapping was heard. We were all in the bed-room at that time.

Mary called in that night, who were out fishing in the creek, and they all heard the same noise. The same questions were frequently repeated as others came in, and the same answers were obtained. Some of them staid here all night. I and my family all left the house but my husband. I went to Mrs. Redfield's and staid all night; my children staid at some of the other neighbors. My husband and Mr. Redfield staid in the house all that night.

On the next day the house was filled to overflowing all day. This was on Saturday. There was no sound heard through the day; but in the evening the noise commenced again. Some said that there were three hundred people present at this time. They appointed a committee, and many questions were asked. I did not know much what was done that night, only by hearsay, as I went to Mr. Duesler's to stay all night.



On Sunday morning, the 2nd day of April, the noise commenced again, and was heard throughout the day by all who came here. On Saturday night they commenced digging in the cellar, and dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening, nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife and David S. Fox and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time, until yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday, there were several questions answered in the usual way, by rapping. I have heard the noise several times to-day.

I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural appearances. I am very sorry that there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfortune to live here at this time ; but I am willing and anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I cannot account for these noises; all that I know is, that they have been heard repeatedly, as I have stated. I have heard this rapping again this (Tuesday) morning, April 4. My children also heard it.

I certify that the above statement has been read to me, and that the same is true ; and that I should be willing to take my oath that it was so, if necessary. (Signed,)

April 11th, 1848.

MARGARET FOX.

### *Certificate of Mr. John D. Fox.*

I have heard the above statement of my wife, MARGARET Fox, and hereby certify that the same is true, in all its particulars. I heard the same rapping which she has spoken of, in answer to the questions, as stated by her. There have been a great many questions besides those asked, and answered in the same way. Some have been asked over a great many times, and they have always received the same answer ; there never has been any contradiction whatever.

I do not know of any way to account for these noises, as being caused by any natural means. We have searched in every nook and corner in and about the house, at different times, to ascertain if possible whether any thing or any body was secreted

there, that could make the noise, and have never been able to find any thing which explained the mystery. It has caused a great deal of trouble and anxiety. Hundreds have visited the house, so that it is impossible for us to attend to our daily occupations; and I hope that whether caused by natural or supernatural means, will be ascertained soon. The digging in the cellar will be resumed as soon as the water settles; and then it can be ascertained whether there are any indications of a body ever having been buried there; and if there are, I shall have no doubt but what this is a supernatural appearance.

I am willing to make the statements which I have made about this matter, under oath, if you wish to have me do so. The rapping has been heard again to-day in answer to the questions.

April 11th, 1848.

(Signed,) JOHN D. FOX.

### *Statement of Wm. Duesler, of Arcadia.*

I live in this place. I moved from Cayuga county here, last October. I live within a few rods of the house in which these noises have been heard. The first I heard any thing about them was, a week ago last Friday evening, (31st day of March.) Mrs. Redfield came over to my house to get my wife to go over to Mr. Fox's. Mrs. R. appeared to be very much agitated. My wife wanted I should go over with them, and I accordingly went. When she told us what she wanted us to go over there for, I laughed at her; and ridiculed the idea that there was any thing mysterious in it. I told her it was all nonsense, and that we would find out the cause of the noise, and that it could easily be accounted for. This was about 9 o'clock in the evening. There were some 12 or 14 persons there when I got there. Some were so frightened that they did not want to go into the room. I went into the room and sat down on the bed. Mr. Fox asked a question, and I heard the rapping which they had spoken of, distinctly. I felt the bedstead jar when the sound was produced.

Mrs. Fox then asked if it would answer my questions, if I asked any? and if so, rap. It then rapped three times. I then asked, if it was an injured spirit? and it rapped. I asked if it had

come to hurt any one who was then present ? and it did not rap. I then reversed the question, and it rapped. I asked if I or my father had injured it ? (as we had formerly lived in the house,) and there was no noise. If we have not injured you, manifest it by rapping, and we all heard three distinct raps. I then asked if such and such a one had injured it ? (naming over several families who had formerly lived in the house,) and there was no noise. Upon asking the negative of these questions, the rapping was heard. I then asked if Mr. ——— (naming a person who had formerly lived in the house,) had injured it ? and if so, manifest it by rapping, and it made three knocks louder than common and at the same time the bedstead jarred more than it had done before. I then inquired if it was murdered for money, and the knocking was heard. I then requested it to rap when I mentioned the sum of money for which it was murdered. I then asked if it was one hundred ? two, three or four ? and when I came to five hundred, the rapping was heard. All in the room said they heard it distinctly. I then asked the question, if it was five hundred dollars ? and the rapping was heard.

After that I went over and got ARTEMAS W. HYDE to come over. He came over. I then asked over nearly the same questions as before, and got the same answers. Mr. Redfield went after David Jewell and wife, and Mrs. Hyde also came. After they came in, I asked the same questions over again, and got the same answers.

Then I asked the question, how it was murdered. I asked if it was murdered by being struck on the head, and there was no noise. I then reversed the question, and the rapping was heard. Then I asked if it was stabbed in the side ? and there was no answer ; upon asking the negative of this, the rapping was heard. It usually rapped three times in answer to my questions. I then asked if it had its throat cut ? and it rapped as usual. Then, if it was with a butcher knife ? and the rapping was heard. In the same way it was ascertained that it was asleep at the time, but was awakened when the knife entered the throat ; that it struggled, and made some noise and resistance. Then I asked it if there was any one in the house at the time

but him ? and it did not rap. I then asked if they two were alone ? and the rapping was heard. I then asked if Lucretia Pulver worked there at the time ? and it answered by rapping ; if she had gone away that night ? and if Mrs. — was gone away also ? and the rapping was renewed each time.

There was no rapping heard only when we asked questions. — I then asked if any one in Hydesville knew of the murder at the time, except — ? and it rapped. Then I asked about a number of persons, if they knew it ? and there was no rap, until I came to Mrs. —, and when I mentioned her name the rapping was heard ; then if any one but — and wife knew of it ? and I got no rap, — then if they were all that knew of the murder ? and it rapped. I asked if the body was put in the cellar ? and it rapped. I then asked if it was buried in the different parts of the cellar ? and to all my questions there was no rapping, until I asked if it was near the center ? and the rapping was heard.

Charles Redfield then took a candle and went down cellar. — I told him to place himself in different parts of the cellar, and as he did so, I asked the question, if a person was over the place where it was buried ? and I got no answer, until he got over a certain place in the cellar, when it rapped. He then stepped one side, and when I asked the question, there was no noise. — This we repeated several times, and we found that whenever he stood over this one place, the rapping was heard, and whenever he moved away from that place, there was no rapping in answer to my questions. Mr. Redfield said that he could hear the noise himself.

I then asked, which way it was carried down cellar ; if round through the outside cellar door ? and there was no rapping : — then if it was carried down through the buttery, by the inside stairway ? and the rapping was heard.

I then asked it to rap my age ? the number of years of my age. It rapped 30 times. This is my age, and I do not think that any one about here knows my age, but myself and my own family. I then told it to rap my wife's age ? and it rapped 30 times, which is her exact age : several of us counted it at the time. — I then asked it to rap A. W. Hyde's age ? and it rapped 32,



which he says is his age : he was there at the time, and counted it with the rest of us :—then Mrs. A. W. Hyde's age ? and it rapped 31, which she said was her age : she was also there at the time. I then continued to ask it to rap the ages of different persons, (naming them,) in the room ? and it did so correctly, as they all said.

I then asked the number of children in the different families in the neighborhood ? and it told them correctly in the usual way, by rapping. Also, the number of deaths that had taken place in these families ? and it told correctly. I then asked it to rap its own age ? and it rapped 31 times distinctly. I then asked it if it left a family ? and it rapped. I then asked it to rap the number of children which it had ? It knocked five times ; then the number of girls ? and it rapped three times ; then the number of boys ? and it rapped twice. Before this I had asked if it was a man ? and it answered by rapping, that it was :—if it was a pedler ? and it rapped

I then asked in regard to the time that it was murdered, and in the usual way, by asking the different days of the week, and the different hours of the day ;—that it was murdered on a Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock. The rapping was heard only when this particular time was mentioned. When it was asked if it was murdered on a Wednesday or Thursday or Friday night, &c. ? there was no rapping. I asked if it carried any trunk ? and it rapped that it did. Then how many ? It rapped once. In the same way we ascertained that it had goods in its trunk, and that ——— took them when he murdered him ; and that he had a pack of goods besides.

I asked it its wife was living ? and it did not rap ;—if she was dead ? and it rapped. I then asked it to rap the number of years its wife had been dead ? and it rapped twice. In the same way I ascertained that its children were now all living ;—that they lived in this state,—and after asking if in such and such a county, (naming over the different counties,) at last when I asked if they lived in Orleans county ? the rapping was heard, and at no other time. This was tried over several times, and the result was always the same,

I then tried to ascertain the first letters of its name, by calling over the different letters of the alphabet. I commenced with A, and asked if that was the initial of its first name? there was no rapping. When I came to C, the rapping was heard, and at no other letter in the alphabet. I then asked in the same way, in regard to the initial of its sir-name; and when I asked if it was B? the rapping commenced. We then tried all the other letters, but could get no answer by the usual rapping. I then asked if we could find out the whole name by reading over all the letters of the alphabet? and there was no rapping. I then reversed the question, and the rapping was heard. I asked if the murderer would be punished by the law of the land for committing this murder? there was no knocking. I then reversed the question, and the knocking was heard. I then asked the reason? and after asking a great many different questions in regard to it, to which I got no answer, I at last asked if it was because there was no witnesses of the murder? and it rapped. I asked if the murderer would be punished hereafter? the rapping was heard quite loud. I then asked if there was punishment after death? and it answered, by rapping, that there was. I then asked if it would rap on Saturday night? the knocking was heard in answer,—and also that it would continue to rap at times until its bones were found, and then it would rap no more.

There were a good many more questions asked on that night, by myself and others; which I do not now remember. They were all answered readily in the same way. I staid in the house until about 12 o'clock, and then came home. Mr. Redfield and Mr. Fox staid in the house that night.

Saturday night, I went over again, about 7 o'clock. The house was full of people when I got there; they said it had been rapping some time. I went into the room. It was rapping in answer to questions when I went in. I went to asking questions, and asked over the same ones that I did the night before, and it answered me the same as it did then. I also asked different questions, and it answered them. Some of those in the room wanted me to go out and let some one else ask the questions

I did so, and came home. There were as many as 300 people in and around the house at this time, I should think. Hiram Soverhill, Esq., and Volney Brown asked it questions while I was there, and it rapped in answer to them.

I went over again on Sunday, between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M. I went into the cellar with several others, and had them all leave the house over our heads ; and then I asked, if there had been a man buried in that cellar, to manifest it by rapping, or any other noise or sign ? The moment I asked the questions, there was a sound like the falling of a stick, about a foot long and half an inch through, on the floor in the bed-room over our heads. It did not seem to bound at all ; there was but one sound. I then told Stephen Smith to go right up and examine the room, and see if he could discover the cause of the noise.—He came back, and said that he could discover nothing,—that there was no one in the room, or in that part of the house. I then asked two more questions, and it rapped in the usual way. We all then went up stairs, and made a thorough search around the rooms, but could find nothing.

I then got a knife and a fork and tried to see if I could make the same noise by dropping them, but I could not. This was all I heard on Sunday. There is only one floor, or partition, or thickness between the bed-room and the cellar—no place where any thing could be secreted to make the noise. When this noise was heard in the bed-room, I could feel a slight tremulous motion or jar.

There was some digging in the cellar on Saturday night.—They dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The question had been previously asked, whether it was right that they should dig on that night ? and there was no rapping.—Then, whether it was wrong ? and the rapping ; was heard.—Whether they should dig on Sunday ? no rapping ; on Monday ? and the rapping commenced again. However, some insisted on digging at this time, and dug accordingly, but with no success.

On Monday night heard this noise again, and asked the same questions I did before, and got the same answers. This is the last time that I have heard the rapping.

I can in no way account for this singular noise, which I and others have heard. It is a mystery to me, which I am wholly unable to solve. I am willing to testify under oath that I did not make the noises or rapping which I and others heard; that I do not know of any person who did or could have made them; that I have spent considerable time since then, in order to satisfy myself as to the cause of it; but cannot account for it on any other ground than it is supernatural. I lived in the same house about seven years ago, and at that time never heard any noise of the kind in or about the premises. I have understood from Johnson and others, who had lived there before ——— moved there, that there were no such sounds heard there while they occupied the house. I never believed in haunted houses, or heard or saw any thing but what I could account for before; but this I cannot account for as yet.

April 12, 1848.

(Signed,)

WM. DUESLER.

### *Statement of Walter Scotten.*

I live in the town of Arcadia, about a mile and a half from the residence of Mr. Fox. I am acquainted with Mr. F. and family, and believe them to be respectable and upright people. The first time I heard of any thing mysterious or unaccountable having occurred there, was a week ago last Sunday, at about 10 o'clock A. M. I went down to meeting, at the school house in Hydesville, about 1 o'clock P. M. I went over to Mr. Fox's house, for the purpose of hearing this noise, if there was any thing to be heard. I didn't believe that there was any thing that could not be accounted for, and I went in order to satisfy my own mind in regard to it. There was about a dozen people present when I got there. They wanted me to ask it some questions.

I first heard Mrs. Fox's statement of the whole transaction. I then commenced asking questions, and the knocking was heard in answer to them. They had told me what questions had been asked before. I first asked if it was right that its body should be found? and it answered by three raps,—if they continued digging, whether they would find the body? the rap-

ping was then heard in answer. We then went down cellar, as we thought it would be stiller there and we would hear it better, and for the purpose of seeing if the same noises could be heard there that were in the bed room. I asked it how much money it had in its possession when it was murdered, and to rap the number of "hundreds"? It rapped *five* times. I did not know that this question had been asked before, but they afterwards told me that it had, and that the same answer was always received. I asked how many feet it was buried below the surface of the ground? and it rapped *ten* times. There were a great many more questions asked, some of which were answered and some were not answered. Those which were not answered were reversed, and then the rapping was heard. The question was asked, how many children it left when it was murdered? and *five* raps were heard. It was then asked if its wife was living? and there was no noise;—then, as many years as she was dead, rap? It rapped *twice*.

The noise appeared, when we were in the cellar, to come from the ground. Some thought it was on one side, and some on the other. We could hardly tell in what direction it came from. It did not sound like any noise that could be made by rapping or striking, either on the floor or on the ground. I have since tried to make the same noise in many different ways, but have never succeeded in imitating it.

Stephen Smith, my wife, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Losey, Mr. Wm. D. Storer and two girls, were down in the cellar with me at the time of which I have spoken. I was in the house but about half an hour, and then came right home.

I have never heard noises there at any other time than this. There had been digging in the cellar at the time I was there.—They had dug about two feet and a half, I should think. There was a good deal of water in the hole, which they said had prevented them from digging any more. (Signed.)

Wednesday, April 12, 1848.

WALTER SCOTTEN.

*Certificate of Mrs. Elizabeth Jewell,*

I am the wife of DAVID JEWELL, and live but a short distance

ping was then heard in answer. We then went down cellar, as we thought it would be stiller there and we would hear it better, and for the purpose of seeing if the same noises could be heard there that were in the bed room. I asked it how much money it had in its possession when it was murdered, and to rap the number of "hundreds"? It rapped *five* times. I did not know that this question had been asked before, but they afterwards told me that it had, and that the same answer was always received. I asked how many feet it was buried below the surface of the ground? and it rapped *ten* times. There were a great many more questions asked, some of which were answered and some were not answered. Those which were not answered were reversed, and then the rapping was heard. The question was asked, how many children it left when it was murdered? and *five* raps were heard. It was then asked if its wife was living? and there was no noise;—then, as many years as she was dead, rap? It rapped *twice*.

The noise appeared, when we were in the cellar, to come from the ground. Some thought it was on one side, and some on the other. We could hardly tell in what direction it came from. It did not sound like any noise that could be made by rapping or striking, either on the floor or on the ground. I have since tried to make the same noise in many different ways, but have never succeeded in imitating it.

Stephen Smith, my wife, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Losey, Mr. Wm. D. Storer and two girls, were down in the cellar with me at the time of which I have spoken. I was in the house but about half an hour, and then came right home.

I have never heard noises there at any other time than this. There had been digging in the cellar at the time I was there.—They had dug about two feet and a half, I should think. There was a good deal of water in the hole, which they said had prevented them from digging any more. (Signed.)

Wednesday, April 12, 1848. WALTER SCOTTEN.

*Certificate of Mrs. Elizabeth Jewell.*

I am the wife of DAVID JEWELL, and live but a short distance



from the house occupied by Mr. Fox, where this mysterious noise is heard. I was called upon to go over there on Friday evening, the 31st of March last, at about 10 o'clock P. M. When I got there, Wm. Daesler was asking questions in relation to the murder. It was asked if different individuals had committed this murder, (naming separately different people who had lived in that house, also some who lived in the neighborhood;) to all of which questions there were no answers, until it was asked if ——— was the man who murdered it? and it answered immediately by rapping. The rapping was quite loud.

It was then asked again if the neighbors had injured it—to wit: Mr. Jewell? or Mr. Hyde? &c., but there was no noise in answer to these questions. It was then asked if it was murdered in this room? naming the bed-room, and the rapping was heard. Where it was buried? if in the cellar? Rap! rap! How was the body conveyed to the cellar? by the outside door? No rap. Was it by the inside door, down through the buttery? and the rapping was then heard distinctly.

Many other questions were asked in relation to the murder; the depth under the surface of the earth the body was buried,—the amount of money that was obtained by the murderer, &c., and we got distinct answers in the usual way, by this knocking.

I visited the place again on the next Saturday evening, April 1st, and heard the same questions asked, together with many others, and got distinct answers in the usual way. I asked the following questions: Is Mr. ——— your murderer? and it rapped distinctly. Did he murder you on a Saturday night? No rapping; on Sunday night? on Monday night? No noise;—on Tuesday night? and then the raps were heard. At what hour? was it at nine o'clock? ten o'clock? eleven o'clock?—No rapping. Was it at twelve o'clock? Then the rapping was distinctly heard by all in the room. Many questions were asked, and no answers heard; but when the questions were reversed, they were answered.

I have visited the place several times since, and have heard no unusual noise until yesterday, (April 13th) about nine o'clock. A. M., Mrs. Fox inquired if it would answer for me? and it

ped. She asked how many moments it was dying when it was murdered? there were six raps, louder than I ever heard it before. How many hours the body lay in that room? It rapped six times. Is ——— sorry he committed the murder? Rap, rap. How many coats did Mrs. ——— rip to pieces and alter over after the murder? it rapped two? Rap a little louder? and the rap was more distinct. Did those coats belong to the murdered man? there was one rap.

A great many other questions were asked at this time, which I do not now recollect, and they were all answered one way or the other. The rapping was more distinct at this interview, than I ever heard it before.

I never have been a believer in supernatural appearances on earth, and never have seen or heard any thing before which I could not account for in some way or other. This I am wholly at a loss to account for, unless it is a supernatural appearance. I have been acquainted with Mr. Fox and family some time, and cheerfully certify that I never saw any thing in their conduct, or heard any thing about them, that would lead me to suppose that they would be guilty of carrying on any trickery in order to deceive the public: on the contrary, I have always looked upon them as honest, upright people, and good neighbors.

I knew of Mrs. ———, some years ago, ripping up and coloring an overcoat for Mr. ———, and making it over again.— She stated as a reason for so doing, that it had faded.

Should I be called upon, I would willingly testify to the truth of the above statement. (Signed,)

April 14th, 1848.

ELIZABETH JEWELL.

### *Certificate of Lorren Penny.*

I was at Duesler's on Friday night, the 31st of March.— While there, I heard that strange noises had been heard in Mr. Fox's house, just across the road; so I went over there, and went into the house. Mr. Hyde and wife, Mr. Redfield and wife, Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others, were there at that time. While there, Duesler asked a good many questions about its being murdered. After asking a good many questions, we

found out by the rapping that it was murdered in that house,—that it was murdered by having its throat cut with a butcher knife, on a Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock,—that its body was buried in the cellar, about ten feet under ground. It was then asked whereabouts in the cellar the body was buried? if on the north side? or on the south side, &c., but no rapping. Then if it was buried in the center of the cellar? and the rapping commenced again.

Mr. Redfield went into the cellar and walked around, and the question was asked if any person was over the place where it was buried? Whenever Mr. Redfield was near the center of the cellar, the rapping was distinctly heard; but whenever he moved to any different place, there was no sound. Mr. Redfield said that he could hear the noise himself. He (Mr. D.) then asked which way the body was carried down cellar? if through the outside cellar door? No rapping. If through the buttry, down the inside stairway? and then the raps were heard. It was then asked to rap the age of some of those in the room, which it did, as they all said, correctly. The question was then asked as to the number of children in the different families in the neighborhood, and it rapped them right. It was then asked to rap its own age, and it rapped thirty-one times, which we all counted.

A great many other questions were asked while I was there, and answered. I have heard Wm. Duesler's statement about what took place on this evening, and the same is correct so far as I know. I was not there all the time that he was.

I have no doubt but what Mr. Fox and family are honest, and that they tell the truth about this matter. I do not think that they or Wm. Duesler are carrying on any game to deceive the public. It makes a great deal of trouble for Mr. Fox and his family. They are thronged with visitors, and broken of their rest, &c.

I could not be deceived about this noise, for I heard it very distinctly, and cannot in any way account for it. I think it cannot be caused by any person in the house. The house has been searched from top to bottom, and nothing found that could

make this noise. I did not go there believing that there was anything in it; but supposed that it was some trickery or deception. 12th April, 1848. (Signed,) LORREN PENNY.

*Certificate of James Bridger.*

I was at this house on Friday night, with many others. I went there with Mr. Penny. [Bridger's statement in regard to the noises or rappings and the questions to which they were answers, was the same as that of Mr. Penny and others.] I cannot in any way imagine how these noises can be made by any human means. If it had been heard but on one or two occasions, I should not think it such a mystery, but should be satisfied that some one was cutting up some caper, in order to alarm Mr. Fox's people. But now I think that this is impossible. April 12th, 1848. (Signed,) JAMES BRIDGER.

*Statement of Chauncey P. Losey.*

A week ago last Saturday night, I was at Mr. Fox's. I went there because I had heard that there were noises heard there that could not be accounted for. There were a great many people there when I got there. I should think that there was nearly four hundred in and about the house during the evening. There were a great many questions asked in relation to its murder, and they were answered by its rapping. Mr. Duesler was asking questions part of the time, and I heard the rapping distinctly in answer to them.

From what I know of Duesler, I should have no doubt but what his statements were true, even if I had not heard the same rapping in answer to the same questions of which he has spoken; but he has stated the truth in his account of this affair, so far as I know. I do not think that he had any hand in making these noises. I was within hearing of the noise about an hour. I could not tell where it seemed to be. It was unaccountable. It sounded as if it was in different places at different times. If it was any human being that made the noise, it must have moved around from one place to another. I think that no human being could have answered all the questions that were answered

by this rapping,—the telling the ages of different persons, &c., &c. There is no place between the room and cellar where any thing or any body could be s creted to make the noise. I should think there were nearly one hundred who said they heard it during this evening. They all seemed to think it was a great mystery, and were unable to account for it, although some did not think there was any thing supernatural about it.

April 12th, 1848. (Signed,) CHAUNCEY P. LOSEY.

### *Statement of Benjamin F. Clark.*

A week ago last Sunday I was at Mr. Fox's, with Duesler and Stephen Smith. We went into the cellar. There was no one in the rooms above : they had been all fastened out. Some questions were asked, and I heard the rapping in answer to them. I think Mr. Duesler asked it if it was a murdered man, to manifest it by a loud rapping, or some other noise or sign. At that moment a loud noise or rap was heard over our heads. It seemed to be about as loud a noise as would be caused by dropping a knife or fork on to the floor, only it did not appear to bound at all. It seemed like one dead blow upon the floor, and nothing more. Smith went up stairs as quick as he could go, to see what it was ; but he said that he could find nothing. We all went up then, and made a thorough search about the rooms. There was no body in that part of the house at that time but ourselves. We could find nothing on the floor that could have made this noise. We tried to made a similar sound by dropping a case knife and a stick, but could not—there would be some bound to it. We heard some other rapping at this time, and were a little startled by what had occurred.

12th April, 1848. (Signed,) BENJAMIN F. CLARK.

### *Statement of Mrs. Elizabeth Fox.*

I live about two miles and a half from the house where these noises have been heard. The first I heard about the noise, was a week ago last Friday. On Saturday I heard of it again, and went down to the house for the purpose of seeing what it was. John D. Fox, who lives in the house, is my father-in-law. I

did not go down there until Saturday evening. There were a great many people there at the time. I heard the rapping soon after I got there. Wm. Duesler was in the bed-room, asking questions. He asked if it was murdered in that room, and it rapped. It also rapped when asked if it was buried in the cellar. He then asked if the remains were under water ? and it rapped.

I did not stay in the room but a few minutes. There were so many there that they kept going out and in every few minutes, so that they could all have a chance to hear the noise. There were committees appointed by those present, and stationed, some in the cellar and some about the house in different places, in order to ascertain the cause of this rapping. I believe they began to dig before I came away that night. I staid at Wm. Duesler's that night.

The next morning I went over to the house and went into the bed-room and asked questions. There was no one else present at that time, in or about the house, but Mr. Fox and his family. I sent one of the little girls out doors to see that there was no one about there to make the noise. I then asked how many children I had ? and it rapped three. How old they were ? and it rapped their ages,—and *rapped* them correctly. Then, if it was murdered in the bed-room and buried in the cellar ? and it rapped as before. I then asked how many years it had been dead ? and it rapped four times, and then, after a short interval, one more. If ——— was the murderer ? and it rapped. If he would be punished in this world ? there was no knocking. If he would be in the world to come ? and the knocking was heard before I could get the words fairly out of my mouth.

Mrs. Wm. Duesler came over about this time, and went into the room to ask some questions alone. She soon came out, looking pale as death. She said that she had asked a question and it had been answered.

People called through the day, and heard the noises until almost night, when they ceased. Stephen Smith and wife and my husband and myself, staid in the house that night. We all slept in this bed-room, but did not hear any noise during the night. I went home on Wednesday morning, and have not



been down there since until to-day. To-day (Wednesday,) I went into the bed-room soon after I got down there, and asked a few questions and they were answered by the usual rapping. Most of the questions which I asked were the same as had been asked before, and I got the same answers. Miss Culver was with me most of the time, and heard the questions and answers. I then went down and sat on the cellar stairs, and asked how many children it had at the time of its death? and it rapped five times,—how many sons? Two raps,—how many daughters? Three,—how many of them are christians? Three,—do they often think of you? the rapping came loud and distinct. I then asked it if it could appear to me? and it rapped,—if it would, if I asked it to? It did not rap.

I then asked it to rap my age distinctly, and we counted twenty-three, which is my age. I asked if there were not a great many unbelievers, and those who made sport of it? The knocking was heard in reply. I then asked it to rap louder, and it did so. I asked it to rap as loud as I did, and I rapped quite loud with my hand, and the sound came just as loud. It seemed as if it was right under my feet. They heard it rap all over the house, at this time. I asked if it would answer any one in the house? and it did not rap at all. I asked it many other questions, and the rapping was continued until within an hour or two.

I cannot account for these noises in any way, nor imagine how they could be made by any human means.

April 12th, 1848. (Signed,) ELIZABETH FOX.

I was present to-day, at the time Mrs. Elizabeth Fox has spoken of as having heard these rappings, and I heard the same sounds in answer to the questions as she has stated. I have never been there before to hear the noise since the excitement first commenced.

(Signed.)

April 12th, 1848. VERNELIA CULVER.

### *Statement of Wm. D. Storer.*

I have lived in this place about five years. I first heard about a strange noise being heard in Mr. Fox's house, on Saturday

morning, April 1st. I did not go there until that night about 7 o'clock. I should think there was over two hundred people there during the evening. I went into the house and heard the noise: it seemed to be on the floor. Mr. Duesler was asking questions. He asked it to rap its age, and it rapped off *thirty-one*. Then he asked if ——— murdered it? and it rapped.— Mr. D. had been asking questions before in regard to its having been murdered, &c. I was not in the room but about 15 or 20 minutes. He asked it if the Universalist doctrine was true? and there was no noise; then, if it was false? and it rapped three times. He also asked if the Methodist doctrine was true? and it rapped. If it had a wife? Rap! rap! How many children? It rapped five times.

I do not recollect any other questions that were asked during the short time that I was in the room. I staid there until about 10 o'clock, and then went home. They had not begun to dig, but were talking about it, when I came away.

The next day, (Sunday,) I heard the rapping in the cellar. Walter Scotten and wife, Mr. Losey, and some others, were there also. Mr. Scotten and wife asked the questions. There was no one in the house above. It was asked if it had been murdered? and it rapped. If ——— had done it? and the rapping was heard. If they should find the body by digging? and the knocking was heard. Mrs. Scotten asked how many children she had? and it rapped twice, which was correct.

I then told Mr. Scotten to ask it if a man's heart must be changed before he could enter the kingdom of heaven? and it rapped that it must. This noise appeared to be about a foot or 18 inches under ground, when we were in the cellar: it sounded something like a thumping upon the ground. We heard it very plain on Sunday, as the house was still.

I cannot imagine any way by which this noise could be produced by any human agency. I have examined the premises very carefully, and can find nothing by which these sounds could be produced; no cord or wire, or any thing of that kind by which any body could produce these sounds by being at a distance.— There is no chance under the floor where any thing could be se-

creted—no ceiling or any thing of that kind. I have never heard the noise at any other time since.

I have always supposed, and have no doubt but what Mr. Fox and family are candid and honest people ; and I do not think that they have any hand in carrying on any trickery for the purpose of deceiving this community. This disturbance has put them to a great deal of trouble, and they certainly can have no object in carrying on such a deception, even were it possible that they could do so. (Signed,) WM. D. STORER.

12th April, 1848.

### *Statement of Marvin P. Losey.*

I first heard this noise one week ago last Saturday evening. I have heard Mr. Storer's statement above, in regard to what occurred on that night, and the same is true and correct. I heard the same sounds in answer to the same questions, of which he has spoken. I went into the cellar with Carlos Hyde, George Bridger, and Ezekiel Dailey. Mr. Duesler was up above in the bedroom asking questions. He told all those in the cellar but one, to stand in one place, and then told that one (Mr. Hyde) to step about from one place to another, which was done, and Mr. Duesler at the same time asked the question, if there was any one over the place where its body was buried ? This question was asked a number of times, as Mr. Hyde stepped about from one place to another, but there was no rapping in answer to it, until Mr. Hyde stood about in the center of the cellar, when the question was answered by several distinct raps. We all heard this noise or knocking. Mr. Duesler told us that Mr. Hyde was over the place, although he could not see us, nor had he any other means of knowing where he was than by the rapping. This was tried over a number of times, and with the same result. Mr. Duesler asked all of the questions in the same tone of voice, so that nothing could be indicated by that. I could not tell where this noise appeared to be, although it seemed to be in the cellar.

I do not think it possible that this could be carried on by any person without being detected.

I heard it after this. I was in the bedroom, with my hand on the bedstead. Mrs. Fox asked if ——— murdered the man whose body was buried in the cellar? The rapping was very loud and plain; it seemed to jar the bedstead. I heard the same question asked by Mr. Duesler, and the same answer was given. I have not heard this noise since that evening.

April 12, 1848. (Signed,) MARVIN P. LOSEY.

### *Statement of David S. Fox.*

I live about two miles from the house where these strange noises have been heard. My father, John Fox, lives in this house, and has lived here some five or six months. I have lived in this place about ten years. The first that I heard about these noises, was a week ago last Friday. When they told me about it, I told them that if they searched, I guessed they would find a cause for it, as it must be something about the house. I did not hear any noises at this time; but after staying there a short time, went home.

The next morning they sent for me, and told me that the noises had again been heard. I went down there on Saturday evening, and heard questions asked by different individuals, and they were answered by rapping. They were not all answered. It was asked if it was murdered on the different nights of the week? and there was no answer until it was asked if it was murdered on a Tuesday night? when it was answered in the usual way, by rapping. It was then ascertained in the same way, that it was murdered about 12 o'clock at night, on that night, by having its throat cut with a butcher knife. It was then asked to rap the number of years old it was at the time of its murder, and it rapped thirty-one times, so distinctly that we could all count the number of sounds.

There was a large collection of people there at this time, many more than could get into the house. Committees were chosen and placed in different parts of the house in order to see that there was no deception practiced by any one. These committees were composed of the neighbors and people who live about here.

Questions were asked as to who committed the murder.— [Before this it had answered that it was the spirit of a murdered man.] It was asked if Mr. Doesler had committed the murder? and there was no knocking. Then it was asked if Mr. Feasler was the one? Mr. Johnson? and several others, who had formerly live in the house, and there was no answer given. The question was then asked if Mr. ——— was the one who had murdered it? The rapping was then heard several times. It was then asked if Mr. ——— was alone with him when the murder was committed? and it rapped that he was. It was then asked if Mrs. ——— knew it at the time? and there was no noise; if she was ignorant of it? the knocking was heard,— if it was murdered for money? then it knocked,—then if for one hundred?—three hundred?—four hundred? No rapping,— five hundred? and it rapped that it was. It then rapped that it was a married man, and it had five children at the time it was murdered. This was in answer to questions that were asked it by those present.

I understood that nearly the same questions were asked the night before, and the same answers obtained. The questions were put in every shape, and there was no contradiction at any time, so that I am satisfied that these noises could not be produced by chance. The questions were asked and answered in such a manner, that I do not believe it possible that any human being could be engaged in it, and carry on the deception so long without being found out.

There is no place about the house in which any person could be secreted so as to produce these sounds. There is only one floor between this bed-room and the cellar. The question was then asked in regard to the place in which it was buried in the cellar. It was asked successively if it was buried in each corner, and there was no answer. It was then asked if it was buried in the center? and it rapped that it was. Mr. Carlos Hyde was in the cellar, and he walked about, and the question was repeated if he was over the place where the body was buried? and there was no rapping, only when he stood over the center of the cellar; no one out of the cellar could see

him, so as to know where he was standing at this time. Whenever he stood near the center of the cellar, it rapped, so that those in the cellar as well as in the room above could hear it.

I staid in the house until about one o'clock in the morning, but the noise had stopped before I left. It stopped a little before twelve o'clock. After some of the crowd had left, some of the people went to digging in the cellar. They dug about three feet deep, when the water came in so fast that they had to stop. I do not know that I have heard the noise since until to-day.—It has been rapping to-day in answer to a good many questions, and gave the same answers that it has before.

I was here on Monday the 3d of April, and we commenced digging again in the cellar and bailing out the water, but we found it impossible to make much headway. On Tuesday evening they began digging again. I got a pump, and we took up the floor and put it in the hole, and began to pump and bail out the water at the same time. We could not lower the water much, and had to give it up. The water is in the hole, although it is lowering gradually.

I thought from there being so many respectable people present, and they having heard the same sounds that I did, that there must be something in it. I never believed in haunted houses, or any thing of that kind. I have heard of such things, but never saw or heard any thing but what I could account for, on reasonable grounds. I cannot account for this noise as being produced by any human agency. I am perfectly willing to take my oath as to the truth of the statements which I have here made, if it is thought necessary.

(Signed,)

Tuesday, April 11th, 1848.

DAVID S. FOX.

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### *Statement of Mrs. Mary Redfield.*

I am acquainted with Mr. Fox and family, who live in the house where these strange noises are heard. I was called upon by Mr. Fox, on the evening of the last day of March, about 8 o'clock, to go to his house to hear this mysterious noise, and having previously heard from the children that they had heard strange noises in the night, I went over. I went with a good deal of levity, saying that I would

go over and have a spree with it, if it was a ghost. Mrs. Fox met me at the bed-room door, and she and the girls appeared to be much agitated. They looked very pale. Mrs. F. said, "Mrs. Redfield, what shall we do? we have heard this noise for some time, and now it answers all of our questions, and we cannot account for it." She wanted me to sit down on the bed by her side, and then she began to ask questions. "Now count five?" It did so distinctly by rapping. "Count fifteen;" and it rapped fifteen times. She then asked it to rap my age, and it rapped thirty-three times, so that we all counted it. This is my age. "If you are an injured spirit manifest it by three raps." It rapped three times. By this time I became much interested—the girls were much frightened. I told them not to be afraid—that if it was a revelation from the spirit world, it was not to injure them. One of them then said, with much feeling, "we are innocent—how good it is to have a clear conscience."

Many other questions were then asked, relative to the murdered man,—his family,—the time of the murder,—who the murderer was,—the amount of money for which he was murdered—the place where the body was buried:—and we got distinct answers by the usual raps, as stated by Mrs. Fox, Mr. Duesler, and others.

A great many other questions were asked, some of which were answered and some were not. Upon reversing those to which there were no answers, and the rapping was heard, but if we reversed those which were answered, there would be no answers at all. Many other neighbors were called in, and heard the mysterious noise with a great deal of astonishment. They all said they could not account for it.

I visited the house again day before yesterday, (Wednesday,) about 7 o'clock P. M. I went into the bed-room with others, and knelt down upon the floor by the side of the bed, and asked if there was a heaven to obtain? and got three raps.—is my child Mary in heaven? The knocking was heard in answer. These questions, and others, were asked while in the attitude of prayer to the Supreme Being for a revelation of these mysterious noises to me. Another lady in the room remarked that she was afraid. I told her that God would protect her, and at that moment we heard several distinct *raps*. Many questions were asked, some of which were answered, and some were not. I asked it if it was a spirit from God? and it rapped,—are the spirits of our departed friends now around us? The rapping was heard.

I never have been a believer in supernatural appearances on earth, and have never heard any unnatural noises previous to this, which I

could not account for. But I cannot in any way imagine how this is produced by any human means. I have been acquainted with Mr. John Fox and family for a number of years, and have always looked upon them as honest and upright people; and do not think that they have any hand in producing this strange noise.

Should I ever be called upon to testify to the truthfulness of the above statement, I shall do so cheerfully. (Signed,)

14th April, 1848.

MARY REDFIELD.

Thus this strange affair as yet remains. It seems to be beyond the power of human ingenuity to solve the thrilling mystery that surrounds it. These certificates and statements will satisfy any man who has sufficient confidence in his fellows to trust them in the ordinary affairs of business, that *something* at least has occurred in that quiet little ville, which as yet baffles all investigation. There is no one, we trust, so uncharitable as to say that all these honest and intelligent people, whose statements we have given, have combined together, in the nineteenth century and in this enlightened land, for the purpose of producing the great excitement which now prevails. They certainly could have no object to do so; they have no unity of interests that will be advanced by any such combination; for the age when *ghostly appearances* and *supernatural noises* were made the instruments in the hands of the more intelligent, of extortion and tyranny over the more ignorant and superstitious, has passed away.

These statements, which we have given, are but a small number in comparison with those which might have been obtained, had it been deemed necessary,—but it was thought that they were sufficient to satisfy even the most incredulous as to the facts set forth. Giving, then, to them the ordinary credence which we give to the solemn assertions of others, what conclusion shall we draw in regard to this strange affair? “Shall we let the world know that we believe this to be a supernatural appearance?” asks one, who cannot account for it on any other ground. “Why, how the people will laugh at us if we do!” The artillery of the press, as well as private sarcasm, we think will prevent the present generation from adopting superstitious notions too readily. Yet who of those who laugh and sneer, can bound the spirit-land, or tell us its connection with the material world? Who can tell us its limits in the vastness of space? or assert that the spirits of the departed are not hovering around us,—influencing our destiny, although that influence may be unseen and un-



felt? Even in life, we are often awed by the mysterious workings of the human soul. Although it be harnessed down to earth, it will now and then escape from its thralldom, and as a gleam of lightning from an evening cloud.

"Paints crimson beauties on a sister cloud,  
And with its light, illumines the starless firmament."

So will it shine for a short moment through the world of souls around it, and then sink back again to its prison house. If the spirit of Swedenborg could thus "shuffle off its mortal coil," and reveal the coming of future events, and be cognizant of things that were taking place at a great distance, and then resume its ordinary avocation,—why cannot the spirits of the dead come back and reveal to us that which would otherwise be unknown? "Dead men tell no tales," is a motto with which we are met at this point;—the horrible principle that characterizes the operations of the buccaneers upon the ocean!—and yet, ask Gibbs, and Gilbert, and Swansey, who expiated their murderous career upon the scaffold, if the spirits of their victims did not haunt them by day and night, causing them to betray the strongest evidences of their guilt that could be produced, and that which was most satisfactory to those on whom their fate depended. They would repeat to you, with their last breath, the warning words of Macbeth, as the ghost of Banquo appeared to him,—

"The times have been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And then an end;—but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our seats. This is more strange  
Than such a murder!"

But the statements which we have given are not all we have, which throw light upon this affair; and such a light as will satisfy every one that there is reasonable ground for this excitement, and for the belief that this appearance is in reality the spirit of a victim to man's murderous avarice, hovering about the spot where its "vital chord was rudely disengaged;" for the purpose of revealing to mankind its untimely fate; and above all, for the purpose of teaching to those who are shedders of human blood, that "murder will out." These statements are from sources which are to be relied upon, and come from those who could have no earthly motive in fabricating them:

### *Statement of Mrs. Hannah Weekman.*

We have lived in this place about five months. I have heard about these mysterious noises that have been heard in the house now occu-

pied by Mr. Fox. We used to live in the same house; we lived there about a year and a half, and moved from there here. About a year ago, while we were living there, we heard some one, as we supposed, rapping on the outside door. I had just got into bed, but my husband had not. He went to the door and opened it, and said that there was no one there; and he came back and was about getting into bed, when we heard the rapping upon the door again. He then went to the door and opened it, and said that he could see no one although he stepped out a little ways. He then came back and got into bed. He was quite angry: he thought 'twas some of the neighboring boys that were trying to disturb us, and said that "they might knock away, but they would not fool him," or something of that kind. The knocking was heard again, and after a while he got up and went to the door and went out. I told him not to go out doors, for perhaps somebody wanted to get him out and hurt him. He came back and said he could see nothing. We heard a good deal of noise during that night; we could hardly tell where it was; it sounded sometimes as if some one was walking about in the cellar. But the house was old, and we thought it might be a rattling of some loose boards, or something of that kind.

A few nights afterwards, one of our little girls who slept in the bedroom where the noises are now heard, woke us all up by screaming very loud. My husband and I and our hired girl, got up immediately to see what was the matter. She sat up in the bed crying and screaming, and it was some time before we could find out from her what the matter was. She said that something had been moving around over her head and face,—that it was cold, and she did not know what it was. She said that she felt it all over her, but she appeared to be more alarmed at feeling it in her face. She was very much frightened.—This was between twelve and one o'clock at night. She got up and got into bed with us, and it was a long time before she could go to sleep. It was several days before we could get her to sleep in that room again. She was eight years old at that time.

There was nothing else that happened to me during the time that we lived there; but my husband told me that one night he heard some one call him by name, somewhere about the house; he did not know where; but could never find out where or what it was. I was not at home on that night. I was away setting up with a sick person. We did not think the house was haunted at this time.

I do not believe in *spooks*, or any thing of that kind; but I hardly

know what to say about it now ;—so many have heard the noise that it seems as if something must be the matter. (Signed,)

Tuesday, 11th April, 1848.

HANNAH WEEKMAN.

### *Statement of Michael Weekman.*

I am the husband of HANNAH WEEKMAN. We used to live in the house now occupied by Mr. Fox, in which they say strange noises are heard. We lived there about a year and a half. One evening, about bed time, I heard a rapping. I supposed it was some one knocking at the door, who wanted to come in. I did not bid him come in, as I usually do, but went to the door. I did not find any one there ; but went back, and just as I was getting into bed, I heard the rapping again, and opened the door quick, but could see no one there. I stepped out a step or two, but could see no one about there. I then went back and got into bed. I thought somebody was making game of me. After a few minutes I heard the knocking again, and after waiting a spell and still hearing it, I got up and went to the door. This time I went clear out and looked around the house, but could find no one. I then stepped back and shut the door, and held on to the latch ; and thought if there was any one there, I would catch them at it. In a minute or two I heard the rapping again. My hand was on the door, and the knocking appeared to be on the door. I could feel it jar with the raps. I instantly opened the door and sprang out, but there was no one in sight. I then went round the house again, but could find no one as before. My wife told me I had better not go out doors, as it might be that some one wanted to hurt me. I did not know what to think of it, it seemed so strange and unaccountable.

The second time that we were disturbed in any way was, by our little girl who slept in the bed-room. She woke us up one night by her screaming. [His statement in regard to this is the same as that of Mrs. Weekman; given above.] One night after this, about midnight, I was awake, and heard my name called. It sounded as if it was on the south side of the room. I set up in bed and listened, but did not hear it again. I did not get out of bed, but waited to see if it would be repeated. My wife was not at home that night. I told her of it afterwards, and she said she guessed that I had been dreaming. My wife used to be frightened quite often by hearing strange noises in and about the house.

I have heard so much from men in whom I place confidence about these noises that are now heard, that, taken in connection with what

I heard, I cannot account for it, unless it is a supernatural appearance. I am willing to make affidavit to the above statement if necessary.

11th April, 1848.

MICHAEL WEEKMAN.

### *Statement of Mrs. Jane C. Lape.*

I am the wife of HENRY LAPE, and am 19 years old. I lived with Mr. Weekman's folks, about a year and a half ago, when he occupied the house where Mr. Fox now lives. I staid there until the spring of '47. One day, about two o'clock P. M., while I was doing my work in the kitchen, I saw a man in the bed-room joining the kitchen. The bed-room door was open, and I saw the man distinctly. I was much frightened. I had been in the kitchen some time at work, and knew that no one had gone into that room. There was only one door to the bed-room, and that opened into the kitchen. The man stood facing me when I saw him. He did not speak, nor did I hear any noise at any time, like a person walking or moving about in the room. He had on grey pants, black frock coat and black cap. He was about middling size, I should think. I knew of no person in that vicinity who wore a similar dress. Mrs. Weekman was in another part of the house at this time. I was very much frightened and left the room, and when I returned with Mrs. W. there was no person there. She thought that it was some one who had been trying to frighten me; but we were never able to ascertain who or what it was. I have always thought, and still do think, that that was a supernatural appearance. I never had been a believer in such things until I saw this.

Should I ever be called upon to testify to the truthfulness of the above statement, I would do so cheerfully. (Signed,)

Sodus, 17th April, 1848.

JANE C. LAPE.

### *Statement of Miss Lucretia Pulver.*

I live about a mile and a half north of the house occupied by Mr. Fox, in which it is said that noises are heard. I have always lived in this vicinity. I have not heard these noise since they have produced this excitement. I am now 19 years old. I lived in this house all one winter, in the family of Mr. —. I worked for them part of the time, and part of the time I boarded there and went to school. I lived there about three months. During the latter part of the time that I was there, I heard this knocking frequently, in the bed-room, under the foot of the bed. I heard it a number of nights, as I slept in the bed-room all of the time I staid there.

One night I thought I heard a man walking in the buttery. This buttery is near the bed-room, with a stairway between them. Miss Aurelia Losey staid with me on that night ; she also heard the noise, and we were both much frightened, and got up and fastened down the windows and fastened the door. It sounded as if the person walked through the buttery, down cellar, and part way across the cellar bottom, and there the noise ceased. There was no one else in the house at this time, except my little brother, who was asleep in the same room with us. This was about 12 o'clock, I should think. We did not go to bed until after 11, and had not been asleep when we heard the noise. Mr. and Mrs. — had gone to Lock Berlin, to be gone until the next day.

We didn't hear any thing more that night. We were a good deal alarmed, but after a while got over it. We thought it might be Mr. — —, because I heard Mrs. — say that she had often heard somebody around the house, and that she believed it was this man, for that she thought he would steal. I heard nothing more after this but the rapping, which continued as before.

One evening about a week after this, Mrs. — sent me down cellar to shut the outside door. In going across the cellar, I fell down near the center of it. It appeared to be uneven and loose in this place. After I got up stairs, Mrs. — asked me what I screamed for, and I told her ; she laughed at me for being frightened, and said that it was only where the rats had been at work in the ground. A few days after this, Mr. — carried a lot of dirt into the cellar just at night, and was at work there some time. Mrs. — told me that he was filling up the rat holes.

A few days before the time when I first heard these noises, or any thing of this kind had ever occurred, a foot pedler called there, about two o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. — told me that Mr. — tho't they should not want to hire me any more, and that I might go home, but that if they wanted me any more, they would send for me. Mrs. — was going to Lock Berlin to stay that night. I wanted to buy some things of the pedler, but had no money with me, and he said he would call at our house the next morning and sell them to me. I never saw him after this. About three days after this, they sent for me to come back and board with them and go to school. I accordingly came back, and went to school about a week ; when she wanted I should stay out of school and do the housework, as she had got a couple of coats to fix over for her husband. She said that they were

rather too large for him, and out of fashion, and she must alter them. These coats were ripped to pieces when I saw them.

I should think this pedler, of whom I have spoken, was about 30 years old. I heard him conversing with Mrs. — about his family : he told how many children he had, in answer to her inquiries. I do not recollect now how many he said he had. Mrs. — told me that he was an old acquaintance of theirs; that she had seen him several times before.

A short time after this Mrs. — gave me a thimble, which she said she had bought of this pedler and paid him fifty cents for. About three months after this time I visited her, and she said that this pedler had been there again, and she showed me another thimble which she said she had bought of him. She said that he had cheated her; that he sold it to her for pure silver, but that it was only German silver. She also showed me some other things, which she said she had bought of him.

I did not know what to think of those noises which I heard. I did not know but what it might be rats, as Mrs. — said. I didn't think it was anything supernatural at the time their dog would sit under the bed room window, sometimes most all night, and howl; and this made me think that there was somebody about there that wanted to steal. Mr. and Mrs. — appeared to be very good folks, only they were rather quick tempered. I never had any difficulty with them during the time that I staid there.

This pedler carried a trunk,—and a basket, I think, with vials of essence in it. He wore a black frock coat, and light colored pants. I am willing to swear to the above statement, if it is necessary.

(Signed,) LUCRETIA PULVER.

April 11th, 1848.

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### *Statement of Mrs. Anna Pulver:*

I was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. —. I used to call on them frequently. My warping bars were in their chamber, and I used to go there to do my work. One morning when I went there, Mrs. — told me that she felt very bad; that she had not slept much of any the night before. When I asked her what the matter was? she said that she did not know but what it was the fidgets;—but that she thought that she heard somebody walking about, from one room to another, and that she had Mr. — get up and fasten the windows down. She said that she felt more safe after that. I asked her what she thought it

was? and she said that it must be the rats, she thought. I heard her speak about hearing noises after that, which she could not account for.

(Signed,)

ANNA PULVER.

April 11th, 1848.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that during the summer of '44 we lived near the house now occupied by Mr. Fox; that it was then occupied by ———; that during that summer the water in that well was very offensive and bad. We further certify that said well is within thirty feet of the center of the cellar under said house.

NORMAN AYRES,

JOHN IRISH.

Arcadia, April 18th, 1848.

The following certificate was published and circulated in that community, about a week after the first revelations were made. We republish it for the benefit of the man who has unfortunately become the subject of suspicion. Men should be careful how, on the sole responsibility of an unaccountable rapping, they pass their judgment upon others. It is time enough to condemn, when there is no longer ground to doubt. Let public opinion await the result of the investigations now going on. Others than those whose names are upon this certificate, are ready to join in the following recommendation. This certificate is signed by many who have heard the rappings in answer to the questions, as set forth in the foregoing statements:

#### TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify, that we have been acquainted with JOHN C. BELL, of the town of Lyons, in the county of Wayne, for the last five years, or thereabouts,—that we were acquainted with said Bell when he lived in the town of Arcadia, about two years ago, and that we have ever thought him, and still think him a man of honest and upright character, incapable of committing crime; and that during his residence in Arcadia aforesaid, we never knew anything against his character, or heard any one speak ill of him; nor do we believe that he is a man that would do any injury to his neighbor, or

any one else, intentionally: And having heard foolish and superstitious reports against him, we cheerfully give our names to the above certificate.

Luther Sanford,  
William Parker,  
Andrew Traver,  
Ruth Sanford,  
Hiram Kuapp,  
Samuel B. Powers,  
Charles Hudson,  
Wm T Hudson,  
David Vanhoosen,  
John M Power,  
David Jewell,  
John R Hyde,  
H Vanhoosen,  
Norman Ayres,  
H Vanhoosen, Jr.  
Elizabeth Jewell,  
John H Bishop,  
P R Houghton,  
Isaac B White,  
Humphrey Sherman,  
Nathan Drake,  
William Drake,

Mrs A W Hyde,  
Miss Mary B Mighells,  
Miss Martha Ayres,  
E Stebbins,  
Andrew Vanderhoof,  
Henry Miller,  
D J Hughson,  
Alfred Mayer,  
James Whitney,  
J A Burrows,  
C C Hyde,  
James Thompson,  
Edwin Ayres,  
Charlotte Ayres,  
Artemas W Hyde,  
John Power,  
Harvey C Hyde,  
Win D Storer,  
George Galloway,  
Caleb P Tibbits,  
James B Tibbits,  
J M Everts,

Dated Arcadia, Wayne Co., N. Y., April 5, 1848.

These are the substance of the astounding developments that have recently come to light in that neighborhood. Taken in connection with the unaccountable revelations that have been made by this mysterious rapping, who can longer doubt the supernatural origin of this noise?

Upon the perusal of these statements many, "wise in their own conceit," will say that "If they could visit the place and hear these knockings, *they* would soon discover the cause of them." Hundreds have been there, firm in the same faith; have first carefully examined the premises; have gone into the ghostly presence, still incredulous and disposed to treat the affair with levity; have held converse with the unknown one, until the cold sweat oozing from every pore has coursed down their limbs, and they have been compelled to acknowledge that they felt themselves in the presence of one from the spirit-country.



But let those who are so incredulous as to disbelieve these statements; *remember* that the laws which govern the spiritual world, are not those which were taught them in their school-boy days, as ruling the physical;—that the weapons of ridicule and disbelief with which they meet these statements, and the belief which they must produce in candid minds, are the same as those used by Hume and Voltaire against the divine origin of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. Their ridicule and reasoning is like that of the king of Siam who caused the Siberian traveller to be impaled for saying that “the waters of his own country were sometimes so hardened by the cold that man and beast could pass over them.” They will not believe any thing which cannot be tested by their own senses; and even then they had rather allow that they had been duped through human agency than admit that they have been convinced, against their former disbelief in supernatural appearances.

Many have been accused of carrying on this mysterious affair, merely for their own amusement, and many like ourselves have visited the place in the full belief that they would be able to detect the imposition. But they have all returned no wiser than they went.

Time will probably determine whether this be a visitation from the spiritual-world or not. Whatever may be the result, we now leave the cause in the hands of the public; like a member of the legal profession, when resting his case with the jury,—we are willing to abide by its decision—reserving the privilege however of *excepting* to its judgment if against us.

### \$50 REWARD!

The subscriber hereby pledges himself to pay the above mentioned sum to any person or persons who will satisfy him in any way, that this mysterious appearance or rapping is, and has been during all the time that it has been heard, the work of any *human being*. They must inform him by what means it has been carried on, and who the individual is that has done it;—all of which he will pledge himself to keep a profound secret, if requested. Upon any person complying with the above, they shall receive the said reward of \$50.

E. E. LEWIS, Publisher.

Canandaigua, April 20th, 1848.